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Tullan

12. So it was spoken to us when we came to Tullan, before the warriors of the seven villages; and when we arrived at Tullan, truly our coming was terrifying, with our accompaniments against the bugs, the dust, the clouds, the fogs, the mud, the darkness, the rain, when we entered Tullan.

13. And soon the divination began with them. A bird called "the guard of the ravine" began to complain within the gate of Tullan, as we were going forth. "You shall die, you shall be lost, I am your portent," said this brute to us. "Do you not believe me? Truly your state shall be a sad one." Thus spoke to us this brute, as is related.

14. Then another bird called the owl, seated on a red tree, complained and said thus: "I am your portent," he said. "You are not our portent, although you would like to be," we answered this owl. Such were the messengers who gave them their idols, said our fathers, our ancestors of old. Then another bird called the paroquet complained in the sky, and said: "I am your portent, ye shall die." But we said to the brute, "Do not speak thus; you are but the sign of spring; when the rain ceases, you wail." Thus we spoke to him.

From "The Annals of the Cakchiquels," G. D. Brinton's translation.